

Victoria Street Newz

August 2011

Since 2004
Volume 8,
Number 5

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Lessons of the Canada Post Lockout

by David Camfield



Recent events tell us a lot about some of the challenges facing working people in Canada today.

The Canadian Union of Postal Workers (CUPW) began rotating strike action on June 2nd, after over seven months of negotiations with Canada Post Corporation (CPC) for a new contract covering some 48 000 postal workers. CUPW members had voted almost 95% in favour of authorizing a strike if necessary, with a turnout that set a record for the union.

The reasons why postal workers were so determined to strike if need be are not hard to understand. Starting in Winnipeg, CPC management is introducing new machinery and reorganizing work. Under the new system letter carriers must now carry two or more bundles of mail, leading to more work-related injuries. Inside workers face cuts in full-time positions, more evening and night shifts and a faster pace of work.

CPC has been a profitable Crown

continued on page three

About Street Newz

Coordinator: Janine Bandcroft
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Brian Mason, Colin Dower, Chris Cook,
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Founded in 2004,
Victoria Street Newz welcomes written submissions including personal stories, interviews, event reviews, cartoons, poetry, photographs, or artwork, but we can't guarantee everything will be published. We reserve the right to edit, and will not print anything libelous, racist, sexist, or homophobic. Letters sent to the editor are assumed to be for publication, must include phone number or email (if possible, for confirmation) and may be edited for length. You can publish using a pseudonym, or anonymously.

We are devoted to a triple bottom line philosophy - concerned about our environmental and social, as well as financial, well-being.

You can contribute to social change by supporting the *Victoria Street Newz* team, by pondering the root causes of poverty, and by working for peaceful, non-violent change.

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Victoria Street Newz is printed on 100% pc recycled paper with vegetable ink, at Horizon Publications in Vancouver.

Victoria Street Newz is a member of the North American Street Newspaper Association (nasna.org)



and the International Network of Street Papers (street-papers.org.)

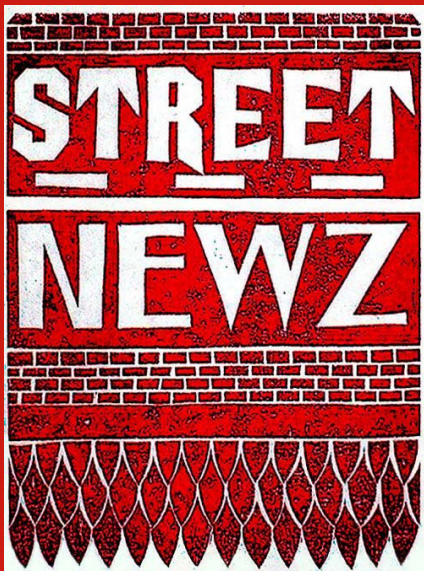


Submissions (due by the 1st Friday for the next month's issue), letters, or donations can be mailed or delivered to our mailbox at:

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just another rant

janinebandcroft.blogspot.com



I've been thinking a lot lately about things that leave, and things that don't. I guess because it's summer. Some friends travel for their camping or other holidays, they go to festivals to experience music and art and community. Others are unable to go anywhere. Some are restricted financially, others are victims of government policy.

In the "things that leave" category is the annual Friendship of humanitarian aid to Cuba. The 22nd caravan left Canada on July 3rd, after some difficulty – not because of their efforts to leave, but because of their efforts to proceed. US foreign policy, and some of its staunch supporters, still hold a grudge against the little socialist revolution that has succeeded despite all their best capitalist efforts. On July 20th, a few days after we go to print, the caravan (comprising approximately 100 caravanistas and 100+ tons of hospital and medical and school and sporting supplies) will attempt to leave the USA via the McAllen Texas border crossing into Reynosa Mexico. Twice I've participated in this most courageous act of civil disobedience, and it seems perpetually weird that the USA government offers such resistance. Why is it any of their business what these people are taking out of the country? Isn't it the Mexicans and Cubans who ought to be concerned about what's being imported into theirs? Meanwhile, in other quarters, billions of dollars of military equipment leave the USA every year, most of it destined to ruin the lives of many innocent civilians around the world. Where is the homeland security search of those boxes?

In the "things that don't leave" category, there's the flotilla and flytilla attempts to bring humanitarian aid to the Palestinian people in what remains of their traditional homeland. The more I hear about the efforts to keep people from visiting Palestine, the more I wonder ... how horrific must it be there that they will go to such lengths to

prevent us from witnessing it?! And I don't understand why the Israelis are so determined to prevent the Palestinians from travelling. Palestinians have to apply to Israel's government for permission to leave and re-enter Palestine, and they often don't leave because their right to return is even more difficult to attain than their right to leave. Wouldn't it serve Israel's manifest destiny, to take over the entire region (and who knows how much else since they have no declared borders), to encourage the Palestinians out? If your population is increasing and you need ever more land and resources, and there are people in the way as you expand, wouldn't it be easier and more publically palatable to fuel a Palestinian exodus than a genocide?

Then there's the big pile of crap that will never leave known as radiation and nuclear waste that's forever polluting our world, from Japan's Fukushima Dai-ichi (die itchy) and all the nuclear power facilities around the world. Without boring or scaring the bejeezus out of you with details, it's important to realize this method of energy production creates enormous amounts of carcinogenic material that will never ever completely leave our planet. It's here to stay. Forever and ever and ever. Tell your kids to get used to it. Or work to change the way we live and do business here on earth.

As for us at *Street Newz*, we're running out of money but we have no plans to go anywhere. Somehow we will survive. Currently we're hoping Vancity will recognize our important work and validate our grant application. Individually, some of us are venturing away temporarily Rose is off to Glasgow to represent us at the International Street Newspaper Conference, and I'm travelling to Vancouver to volunteer with the Folk Music Festival at the stunningly beautiful Jericho Beach Park. If I could wish to leave anything on this incredible planet, it would be a global community that's as cooperative and safe and fun and beautiful as the fantabulous festival strives to be.

I hope that if you wish to leave, you have the freedom to do so. And if you don't, I hope you can find some happiness where you are.



Letters

send us your thoughts - StreetNewz@islandnet.com, or drop off your writings at 1027 Pandora Avenue.

The Power of Naming

I noticed an error in the title of my article about technocracy. There is a significant difference between theocracy and technocracy. A theocracy is rule by clergy (usually of one religion) which doesn't work because the clergy of one religion often don't understand or respect the needs and rights of other religions. My light-hearted comment about Our Place drop-in centre being a theocracy under Reverend Al was unfortunately used as part of the title.

My explanation about why I'm not a technocrat and why technocracy doesn't work is still accurate and relevant.

Yours respectfully,
Robin Kingsley

editor's note: My apologies for any misunderstanding, Robin. A more appropriate title might have been "Reflecting on Kay Dixon, Technocracy, and Theocracy." I maintain that your light-hearted comment about Our Place and theocracy is worth considering, particularly as we realize the influence of religion and religious beliefs within world governments and the organizations they anchor.

Street Newz is in UVic Library's Special Collections!!!

We have acquired *Victoria Street Newz* from 2004. These newspapers will be housed in Special Collections, at call number HV4510 B7V5. You can also view the electronic archive. We now have an ongoing subscription, so new issues will be added monthly.

Victoria Street Newz is an independent media project, sold by low income people on the streets of our community. It's part of a non-profit organization, with a goal to "relieve poverty and advance educational opportunities for socially disadvantaged and/or economically marginalized people." These newspapers contain the local perspective on news topics both local and worldwide. Many articles are written in the first person - first hand accounts and opinions by our own city's people.

UVic Libraries opted to collect this newspaper because it is a fine example of how alternative media can challenge, support or provide a new perspective on mainstream (corporate) news sources. There is a focus on social justice,

indigenous studies, poverty, environmental issues, governance, addiction and much more, so it will appeal to diverse students and researchers.

The International Network of Street Papers provides content from street papers from around the world, and the North American Street Newspaper Collective provides support for those on our continent.

Also check out the Street News Service (SNS) which provides a search engine enabling you to find and use full text articles from street news papers from around the world in a variety of languages, as well as hot topics and links to the same topics within mainstream news services. You can also find a variety of alternative news sources in the Alternative Press Index (you'll need to log in with your netlink ID).

Tina Bebbington

See <http://blogs.library.uvic.ca/index.php/featured/2011/07/05/victoria-street-newz-now-available>

Lessons from Canada Post ... continued from cover

Corporation for the last 15 years yet management was insisting that workers make major concessions. As postal worker Cindy McCallum Miller put it, the employer was aiming to “gut our collective agreement for the next wave of workers as they plan for a future where workers have weaker rights, benefits and protection.”¹

Postal workers’ past struggles won a living wage (approximately \$50 000/year on average), benefits and rights for what was once low-wage work. CPC went into negotiations demanding that new hires receive lower pay and a worse pension than current workers. Management also wanted workers to give up their sick leave rights and accept an inferior Short Term Disability plan. These concessions would be steps towards the goal -- shared by Conservative and Liberal federal governments -- of a privatized postal service whose workforce is smaller, cheaper and has many fewer rights.

Many media commentators initially claimed that the strike wouldn’t have much impact. But the rotating local strikes did affect some businesses and therefore CPC’s revenue, without causing much disruption to most people’s postal services. CPC tried to provoke CUPW into calling an all-out strike but failed. So on June 14 CPC locked out the workers.

The next day the Conservative federal government announced it would bring in legislation to force an end to the dispute. It appears that CPC’s goal all along was government intervention to impose the kind of settlement on postal workers that it was unable to achieve through collective bargaining. The lockout gave the government the excuse it was waiting for.

It’s no secret that the Conservatives hate CUPW -- the union has consistently opposed the corporate agenda, defended public services and supported social justice struggles. So it was no surprise that when the final vote on the back-to-work bill was held in the House of Commons “the Conservative benches erupted in cheers and back-slapping.”²

What wasn’t as predictable was just how aggressively anti-worker the legislation would be. Many media reports have mentioned that it imposes wage increases lower than CPC’s previously-tabled offer (also well below the inflation rate for consumer prices). But that’s not its worst aspect by any means.

The law dictates that the new collective agreement for urban postal workers will be determined by an arbitrator appointed unilaterally by the Minister of Labour, using a method called final offer selection (FOS). FOS is uncommon in Canada, and is very rare in back to work legislation.

In this case, the union and the employer are each required to submit a final offer covering the many disputed issues. The arbitrator will then select one offer or the other in its entirety. In addition to allowing the Conservatives to handpick whoever they want as the arbitrator, the law includes guidelines that the arbitrator must follow in choosing a settlement. These are clearly designed to weight the outcome in favour of weakening postal workers’ rights and benefits, including their pension plan. This puts intense pressure on CUPW officials to submit a final offer that includes concessions they would never have agreed to in bargaining, in the hope that the arbitrator will pick their offer rather than an even-worse one from the employer.

With this law the Conservatives are sending a signal to unionized workers: if you resist the concessions that employers demand you risk ending up with an even worse outcome. The Harper government’s move against CUPW encourages provincial governments to intervene in similar ways against striking or locked-out workers in their jurisdictions.

The legislation threatened earlier this month against workers at Air Canada – a private company, unlike CPC – who had just gone on strike sent the same message. Public sector workers are not the only ones who should be concerned about governments intervening yet again on the side of employers to suspend the basic democratic right of workers to collectively negotiate their wages and working conditions.

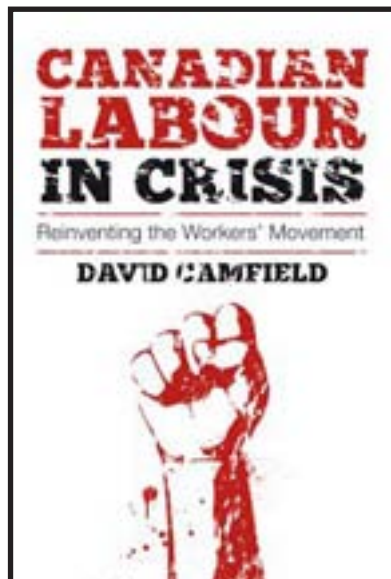
Just how hostile the Tories are to unions isn’t the only lesson here. Another is that unions confronted by governments need much more solidarity action by other people than CUPW received in order to avoid defeats. The sympathy strikes that took place in British Columbia to support hospital workers in 2004 and teachers in 2005 point to what’s needed to improve the odds for unions attacked by governments. For this reason the call by the Fredericton labour council for a National Day of Action to support CUPW and Air Canada workers was a small step in the right direction.

Sources:

¹ “What’s at stake at Canada Post?,” http://newsocialist.org/index.php?option=com_content&view=article&id=441:whats-at-stake-at-canada-post&catid=51:analysis&Itemid=98.

² “Mail could resume within days as back to work bill for Canada Post passes,” <http://www.winnipegfreepress.com/business/breakingnews/filibustering-mps-not-only-ones-talking-in-postal-dispute-but-resolution-elusive.html>.

David Camfield teaches Labour Studies at the University of Manitoba and is the author of Canadian Labour in Crisis: Reinventing the Workers’ Movement available at FernwoodPublishing.ca.



Don’t Let the Bed Bugs Bite!

*One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams
He found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin.*

~ Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis* ~

by Erik Nemoutis

I moved into a cheap downtown hotel room several months ago – until recently, I was unaware of a growing bedbug infestation in my room! And, I only discovered this problem after visiting relatives on the mainland and unwittingly spreading the vermin there... which has traumatized that family whom are now faced with anxieties and costly extermination expenses. Now then, the building manager was happy to offer me a room in the first place, thinking he was doing me a favour that I might not be without a home – and I appreciate the sentiment – but, as my five-year old niece had to visit the hospital with an infected bedbug bite after contracting a very high fever and a very ugly red welt, I am wishing that he’d have said something to me then about the bedbug infestation in the hotel. I’d probably have looked elsewhere for lodging.

In the meantime, I have learned that bedbug infestations have become a high-profile problem in big city hotels, theatres and other venues; yet, it’s more of an issue for people who reside in impoverished inner-city neighbourhoods. In Victoria’s downtown sector alone there are at least 48 known addresses listed on the online “bedbug registry,” including a local thrift store! Bedbugs, which live by feeding on the blood of humans and other warm-blooded hosts, were virtually eliminated decades ago because of potent pesticides like DDT... yet, one local pest control business has noted huge increases year upon year.

This issue, obviously, if effectively unattended to, will soon affect more than just the poorest of the poor in our community as the working poor and students are more-and-more coming into contact with this pestilence because of “infected” transients in their midst in affordable housing. For landlords and home-owners it calls for stricter attention to personal references when renting to prospective tenants – and greater responsibilities towards providing for a safe and healthy environment for their tenants... attending to infections with due diligence whence first discovered.

What is needed, though, are new laws and regulations protecting tenants – and harsher fines and penalties than the cost of extermination for those whom do not act decisively to exterminate bedbugs. It is also important to note the emergence of a “super bedbug” in Vancouver’s Downtown Eastside (which carries two types of drug-resistant bacteria causing hard-to-treat infections). In the United States, civil litigation is also on the rise... and, here-in Canada, we should be following the example, holding negligent landlords responsible for the indignity of having one’s rest-and-repose violated by these blood-sucking vermin.

A bedbug is a small nocturnal insect a little larger than an apple seed, flat when viewed from the side and oval when viewed from above; ruddy brown in colour and a bit redder after a blood-feed – each blood-feed allows it to molt and grow through five stages from nymph to adult, then it repeatedly takes blood-meals over several weeks, females laying up to five eggs per day, continuously. A total of 300-500 eggs can be produced by a single bedbug. Their eggs are 1/25” long and curved and usually lay in clusters of

three-to-eight eggs at a time. Eggs typically hatch

in a week-to-twelve days. The immature bedbugs, or nymphs, are translucent and look like smaller versions of their adult counterparts. Adult bedbugs can survive for up to 150 days without a blood-meal.

Me? I was not satisfied with the one crack-and-crevice pesticide treatment that my room received and have researched an alternative solution to the dilemma... buying and spreading food grade Diatomaceous Earth around-and-under my room’s furnishings. Still, I am being bitten regularly and have many bites upon my arms, especially. The bites are similar to mosquito bites, being itchy red splotches – some developing into welts or pimples. It is difficult to detect bedbug bites as they take time to noticeably redden into lingering lesions which sometimes leave scars.

I was and still am quite anxious and have trouble retiring to sleep – but, I know of others who are completely at ease with feeding their bedbugs nightly, being ignorant as to just exactly how mean and degrading our social situation is! Many others have no idea that they, too, have become hosts to these parasites... and others, whose rooms are not infected, are oblivious to the imminent danger that they are in. Still, others are living in complete denial. Some, as I do for infecting my poor family, may feel shame – but there is no indignity in being poor and subservient to uncaring landlords and municipal legislators. It’s really their problem – and, as usual, being more interested in making money than spending it, they aren’t willing to take responsibility and deal with it! So, we have been cast down and abandoned to our lowly state as hosts to parasites!

Yet, what can we expect the landlords do about the problem – really? Even if a landlord was to effectively exterminate their bedbugs what’s to stop the pestilence from being “unwittingly” re-introduced to a building?

Me? I’d like to move... but, rather, fear moving bedbugs with me! I have gotten rid of some of my possessions and plan to dispossess me of much else – all those few belongings I have struggled to acquire and maintain over my lifetime. Whence I can finally afford to move and have someplace to go I don’t plan on bringing much with me... and that safely inspected and stored appropriately. God – what a mess. I feel as if this is the end of my life. Pray you do not end up hosting a bedbug infection – and be aware. I am praying for those amongst us which either plain do not care about this problem – or those which are aware, wishing things were better for them, but are unable to better their lives in this respect – or those which unknowingly go to sleep and nightly feed a blood-sucking menace.



ask

Hello my dear friend.

Just finished reading your article for the July issue and I am honoured to call you a friend for the strength, courage, and compassion you have always shown for your fellow human beings.

It is mindblowing to me how some human beings treat others when they get the taste of power over those who aren't in the same tax bracket as them or their station in life. Do they not have the common sense that it could very well be them in the same situation some time down the road when "Capitalism" consumes their jobs, their homes and their custom lifestyles? It seems to me that there is a lot of power tripping going on in this town and we should be ashamed of ourselves. How quickly the businesses forget that when all the tourists who visit this city during peak times go home it is all of the folks who live here rich or poor who keep them going until the tourists come back.

Look at the money this city has spent just to attract the "money" to our fair city, Centennial Square, to make a block of Pandora into concrete while pretending it is good for "ALL" residents of this neighbourhood and will bridge the gap between the people who can afford to attend special events at the conservatory and those who NEED to access the services at Our Place. I have lived in this neighbourhood for a few years now and the vibe has changed so much that I feel uncomfortable myself when entering these "Fine" establishments to conduct business.

I have always tried to support my community businesses when it comes to acquiring daily needs even if it means paying a bit more some months and I know that a good number of my neighbours do the same thing.

Isn't it strange that these "Capitalists" come into "OUR" neighbourhood and start dictating how it should work according to "THEM." Market on Yates has now lost another customer since I am the only one who has a vote in where my money is spent each month. We as a community need to come together so that change can happen for all of our lives. Are those who have more really that insane that they don't like saving money when trying to keep up with the "Joneses?" Wouldn't they enjoy paying less for their condos in our neighbourhood where they have chosen to live?

I have been witness to those who have more actually taking free food and clothing from Our Place while I was a volunteer and I am sorry to say at that time I didn't have the courage to take a stand, but it did stay in my thoughts. I now have the courage and support within my community to stand side by side to encourage change and to be part of that positive change.

Until we talk again ... please take care.... love, jade



hothead

Kym

Hothead here on Lekwungen Territory, visitor from the Red River Cree

area, I am Acadian and Metis; Pelland/Burke on mom's side, Gladue on dad's.

No Justice, No Peas! No Peace! A hungry mob is an angry mob. Obviously people are hungry for something, after the Vancouver Riots, one wonders what the hunger is all about? Why the HUGE disregard folks seemed to have in a crisis, towards "stuff." Not to mention the countless shame filled images of sudden bursts of violence that men did on other men and women? Could it possibly be the day to day in your face lacking of moral values that our society as so called "civilised" presents? Capitalist greed favored over human rights affecting the lives of many, worldwide, in a oppressive

beautiful like a rainbow, and, it's tough when it comes to communicating across such difference of class alone, not to mention race and cultural differences. One example; The Poverty wrap up session at Cracks in the Concrete on Sunday was well attended with lots of energy and desire to reconnect as a group. Well, notes are still missing from that wrap up and, that list we all signed and passed around so we can get in touch, no one knows what happened to it. We move on.

On another note, I was asked and my name was put out as someone who would speak on the Friday night of the Cracks Teach In, well, due to our own internal miscommunication I was not on the panel at the last minute. My apologies to folks who expected me there and got no explanation as to why. We are not perfect, and we don't always recover well. Sometimes assumptions are made, we listen to what we want to hear and shut the ears off when we begin to hear what we don't or can't hear. We make decisions without consensus, blame each other and are defensive because on some level we know we fucked up. I

disappoint and let people down. Needs are huge and energy is low. Forgiveness is a dying art it seems. The good news is, MANY people want to help, they still just don't know how. I encourage all of us to use our voices, ask, and you may receive, that your joy may be full. If at first you don't succeed, Jesus turned tables on the tax collectors, what are we going to do?

In the meantime, violence due to oppression is rising. Systemically oppressive Governments create more desperate folks like myself wondering how, as a person with a disability, am I going to pay for food and prescriptions that are no longer covered? I can beg. I have been. I am currently begging for healthy food and vitamins and medicine that is not covered, I may be selling Street Newz or panhandling at a spot near you. Thanks Jade for feedback and support, go Rocket! re: Cinco de Mayo undercover sting: Why were cops taking pix of May Day Rally? we miss you Max! solidarity to all those in jail!

Cop Watch meets July 21+ Aug.4th, & each two weeks after that @ Camas Books @5pm, Quadra @ Kings.

signed: Hungry for Justice.



systemically destructive beaurocratic way? Couldn't be. Must have been a few "criminals" who started it all! Wow, denial is the drug of the masses.

Of course, activists/anarchists are perfect since we never criticize ourselves, just everything and everyone else. Is it possible that we too are arrogant, self centered, sometimes defensive, not great communicators, ego driven, untaught on how to create healthy social relations, wounded peeps confused about diversity and how to work out conflict with each new person one runs into in this divisive judgmental world? We all seek a book/teacher that will tell us "how to" on all this confusion!

We just had a great Cracks in the Concrete Anti Poverty Teach In. It was great because many levels of organizing happened, social justice, union overburdened and keeping in touch, front line workers were in the thick of it, murders of our street family, violent deaths of our street and prison involved homeless, countless overdoses, numbers on the street rising. Academics in "academia hell" worked double time to acquire the space and organise schedules. It's unbelievable that Victoria held such a teach in! We did it, and yet, we had and still have conflicts to work out around it. We are mostly burned out. Difference is



Taking it to the People!

Who speaks for the homeless? YOU DO!

Is it getting tougher or easier on the street? Why is violence increasing? Is nobody listening to you? Well, we are.

The Victoria Committee to End Homelessness (not the Coalition, we're the ginger group!) is holding meetings the second Wednesday of every month at 1:30 pm in the Chapel at Our Place.

This is your chance to speak, bitch, plan and run your own meeting. We'll be there, but just to help. Everyone is welcome and you don't have to be homeless right now.

You've got street experience and street needs and what you report or propose is valuable. We can help pass it on and press for change and for answers.

We're activists who have been meeting for more than three years. We challenge City Hall, the provincial government, the service providers and the police. Many of us have street experience.

Join us in at Our Place on the second Wednesday of the month, or Wednesday nights at 7 pm at Silver Threads.

For more info phone 250 480 4854 or email to: alisonacker@shaw.ca.

Nothing About Us Without Us!

Free University!

What is University 101?

University 101 is a program that offers FREE, non-credit, academic courses that will introduce students to a wide range of university topics. Non-credit means that you will get a completion certificate for attending the course, but the course cannot be applied to a degree or diploma program.

We try to support our students as much as possible, so meals are provided at the beginning of each class. Bus tickets and child care subsidies are also available.

What is the goal of University 101 and 102?

To provide introductory academic courses to people whose economic and social circumstances normally pose obstacles to university education.

Why do a course like University 101 or 102?

Because critical thinking and a passion for learning are elements of citizenship that can and should be shared amongst everyone. Humanities and Social Sciences give us ways to understand our own society and history.

What courses are offered?

Uni 101 is an intro course in the Humanities. Uni 102 is an intro course in the Social Sciences.

How do I apply?

Applications for the September 2011 University 101 (humanities) course will be available soon.

When do I apply?

Application Deadline for Sept 2011 University 101: August 15, 2011
Application Deadline for Jan 2012 University 101: November 15, '11

What if I have more questions?

For more information visit web.uvic.ca/uni101.

Preyer Movement

by Brian Mason

We humans face two insurmountable challenges: we are the world's top predator (a big-brained, omnivorous one), and we are unable to slow down. Our two nemesis are not unrelated. Among other well-known consequences, they have given us, after millennia of evolution, Stephen Harper and poverty/homelessness. How so, you ask?

Let's begin with the predator aspect. Predators – derived from the Latin word for “plunderers” – hunt. It's what they do; they can't be otherwise. They owe their existence to roaming, stalking and killing, to establishing and defending territory, to giving no quarter, and similar unspeakable acts of survival. Humans, being the top predator on every continent and ocean, excel in these endeavours. They (read we) are the gold standard, as it were.

In becoming ‘civilized’ – organized into nations with established territory and sovereign government, intensive agricultural and resource production, largely urban, educated populations, and advanced technologies – we have only become more sophisticated hunters. Europeans, for instance, were able to conquer and colonize the Americas, some of Africa, the Antipodes, and parts of Asia simply because they were more advanced predators than their victims. It was an evolutionary happenstance, a biological imperative: they did it because they could.

Possibly (or ironically) it has something to do with our mythical fall from grace, but we've devoted a lot of time and effort over the ages trying to temper our predatory urges. Waving the cross before a curious gathering of savages was one method of excusing our behaviour as we helped ourselves to their lands. Yet in quieter moments, when not actually thumping our enemies, overcome with feelings of shame and remorse, we've endeavoured to rise above it all. Or, at least, to implement a few workarounds. In this, we have been successful, but only as illusion: most of today's predation is done indirectly by others on our behalf, in slaughterhouses, by standing armies, through foreign policy and by free-market capitalism. We've become, in modern times, vicarious predators, depending on government and corporations to get the hunting done for us, bureaucratically and efficiently.

But we would be mistaken to actually believe we have risen above our brutish ways. The twentieth century, after all, is the bloodiest on record, during which the German state, arguably the most cultured and educated of the bunch, yielded up a Hitler. You can't deny nature, it seems, no matter how much nurture you pile on. There is no escaping from ourselves – which brings me to Harper.

Political conservatives relish in the predatory essence of humanity, pleased as punch that it is what defines us. They want to see top-predator norms prevail throughout the cultural, social, economic and political realms, helped along by small government, low taxes, free markets, law and order, and old-fashion religion, ideally of the Christian variety (whenever the conservatives, that is, are not courting the non-Christian ethnic vote.) Conservatism is nothing less than predation clothed in political robes. What else could you call a society characterized by unfettered free enterprise, big police and bigger military, and minimal publicly funded social services? That's where the Harper government wants us to be, “free” to capitalize on our predatory nature, free to be poor, free to be homeless, if that's the way fortune dishes out the goodies. In a conservative world, everyone gets what she or he is able to seize using their natural-born instincts. No annoying government regulations – or assistance – if you please. Of course, the nearer one stands to the top of the socio-economic heap, the easier it is to be a (conservative) believer. Predation as virtue, if you will.

The second challenge facing humanity speaks to the inability of our civilisation, based on capitalism, the economic expression of predation, to take time out for self-reflection. We're missing a pause button and are unable to shift out of high gear. And why would we want to? The shopping is good, the social networking sublime! Besides, during our break, someone surely would pounce on us, take over our territory, make us their prey. It's already happening, if you care to look: the East is rising to devour the West.

As if all this natural nastiness were not bad enough, our predicament has lately been given the theoretical thumbs up by numerous social thinkers. Such as the late Frederich Hayek, admired alike by Ronald Reagan, Margaret Thatcher, Chile's Augusto Pinochet, and our very own Tom Flanagan, former top advisor to Stephen Harper. Hayek argued, convincingly to many on the political Right, that the concept of ‘social justice’ is meaningless in a free (and free-market) society. Any attempt to engineer or command the vague end-results implied by social justice will lead us inexorably to totalitarianism because free societies, by their nature, cannot have ‘common concrete purposes’. You can have goals or particular ends for your garden club or favourite charity, but not for the ‘spontaneous order’ of society generally. People just have to work it out day-to-day, deal-by-deal – and trust in the ‘invisible hand’ of the market to make it all work swimmingly. Or, at least, to not all end up in Warren Buffett's back pocket. Top-predator rules, in other words.

Hayek anyone? Or Harper? Let us prey.

Brian Mason lives in James Bay.

Books for Reading: An Equal Music

by Andrew Tate

Hi everyone. As I was browsing through my collection of books for a book to review for August, I came across a book which I bought in 1999 while living in Vancouver, reread it and decided to review it. This book caught my eye for two reasons: the elegant and artistic jacket and the word ‘music’ in the title and being a musician (I have been playing the piano for almost 40 years). Also, after reading the short review on both flaps, I just had to read it. The book is entitled An Equal Music (1999, McArthur & Company, Toronto, 380 ppgs., h. c.) written by international best-selling author Vikram Seth. The central theme is classical music mixed with love, loss, travel and the power of music. This book is also available in most branches of the GVPL under the call number SET.

Classical violinist Michael Holme is a member of the English quartet the Maggiore. When the quartet begins working on a challenging work by Beethoven, Michael is overwhelmed by memories of the mastering this piece years ago as a student in Vienna. There, he met and fell in love with Julia McNicholl, a gifted pianist whose beauty was just as mesmerizing as her musical genius. Ten years later Michael is in London living a life devoted to music until one day while riding a London bus, there on another bus next to his, separated only by glass, sits Julia McNicholl.

Though passions between them flare anew, the love they once shared in their younger days is now complicated by the secrets and silences generated by the passing of years. Unable to forget the power of the love they once shared, however, Julia agrees to tour Vienna and Venice with Michael and the Maggiore Quartet. Richly filled with images of concert halls, canals and piazzas, Michael and Julia must confront the truth about their mutual love for one another, their love of music that brought them together and the changes and complications resulting from trying to re-ignite a romance that ended ten years ago.

This is one of the most beautifully written and passionate novels that I have read in many years. As a musician of both classical and contemporary music, I was especially moved by it. Seth truly is a master at his craft. This book is full of poetic, impassional writing, brilliantly describing the world of Schubert, Bach and Beethoven; of Venice, Vienna and London; of broken hearts and the close family-like bonds within a quartet. With interweaving themes of love, loss and the power of music, An Equal Music is a deeply moving story about the many threads of passion that run through our lives, truly defining Vikram Seth as one of the world's finest, expressive and daring novelists.

Until next time.



Andrew earned a B.A. in English, and is available to proofread, edit, and/or type and print out your essays. Email him at mrpianoman@shaw.ca for more information.

The Advocate

by W. Robert Arnold

The Minister of Health, Mike de Jong, has asked pharmacies not to allow Pharmacare recipients to get the loyalty points like AirMiles on the portion of their prescriptions paid for by Pharmacare. This means that if you have been getting AirMiles and trading them in for things you need, you will not be able to do it anymore. I think this is outrageous poor bashing and a mean spirited policy that shows prejudice against poor people and low income seniors.

The government does not pay anymore money for prescriptions to pharmacies that give loyalty points to their customers than to pharmacies that don't. In other words there is no expense to the taxpayer because of the AirMiles points or other loyalty rewards program.

The Assistant Deputy Minister (ADM) who answered my letter to the Minister about the situation said that they had had complaints from pharmacies and from the public about poor people and seniors who get Pharmacare and get the AirMiles points. I can see some pharmacies that do not offer any loyalty points, complaining because people tend to go where they can benefit most for their prescriptions. These pharmacies could get a loyalty rewards program and be more competitive; but they would rather whine to government about poor people getting these benefits.

The fact that these people are ill and need these prescriptions and that the doctors prescribe these medications does not soften the heart of the complaining pharmacist or the government.

The assistant deputy minister in his letter to me said that poor people might opt for more expensive medication to maximize their AirMiles points. It is the doctor who writes the prescription; not the patient, so how could the patient opt for more expensive medication? This comment shows what the man thinks of poor people and shows his desperation to find a justification for this new policy.

I learned of this situation originally from a notice posted at the pharmacy where I get my drugs and my AirMiles. The policy starts on July 4. As a Pharmacare recipient, who gets and uses AirMiles, I feel angry that they are stealing this benefit from me. I intend to do what I can to make them repeal this awful policy.

I have responded to the assistant deputy minister's letter and sent it to the Minister for his personal comment. I hope to get his answer very soon. I have posted the assistant deputy minister's letter to Facebook and other places on the Internet in the hopes that there will be some kind of movement to stop this. My next step will be to look into what ever power government has to disallow my receiving the AirMiles.

If the pharmacies are not legally bound to follow the instructions of the government, I will approach them and ask them not to follow those instructions; and ask them, should they refuse my request, to tell me why. I will post those reasons on the Internet as well.

If all of the people who read this article were to send Mike de Jong a handwritten letter telling him that this is a policy that is prejudicial against poor people and mean-spirited and one that does not save any money for the taxpayer, he might be moved to call off this dog of a policy.

If this policy affects you, complain to your pharmacist and to your MLA. Demand that they do something about it. We will not take this cruel and unusual treatment. You have as much right to those loyalty points and AirMiles has anyone else because it is your taxes that actually pay for those prescriptions.

To find your MLA's contact information call Enquiry BC at 250-387-6121 or www.leg.bc.ca/mla/3-1-1.htm. You can also contact the Minister of Health:

Mike de Jong, Minister of Health
Mike.dejong.mla@leg.bc.ca
Phone: 250-953-3547

Robert has fought poverty, his own and others, for over 45 years.



Victoria Street Soccer changes lives

By Ned DeBeck

The Homeless World Cup and street soccer programs were founded on the basis that the simple game of soccer can change lives.

Since Victoria's street soccer program started in March, dozens of people from Victoria's street community have embraced the beautiful game with life-changing results. We've seen men and women who are homeless, people struggling with addiction or mental illness, single parents and people on low income as well as people with physical disabilities. Those who've come out to play have made friends, gotten exercise and made a commitment to something positive in their life. They've taken ownership and pride in the team, giving them a feeling of self esteem and self worth.

Take Richard Clemens, for example. Richard showed up in mid-May asking to join the team, aptly named the Victoria Dreams. For him, it was about getting some exercise in, having a burger and taking a shot at the game he once loved as a youth. Richard didn't hold back on the field and the formidable skills he had built playing soccer at the provincial level 20 years ago came rushing back with full force.



He was told if he showed up at every Sunday, he would be welcome to join the team on their trip to Vancouver June 4-5, where they would compete against 12 other teams in the Street Soccer Canada western championship. It was there that Richard really showed his flair for the game of soccer. He scored goals and possessed a finesse at ball handling that caught the eye of the Street Soccer Canada executives picking players for Team Canada, which would compete in the Homeless World Cup in Paris August 21 to 28 (homelessworldcup.org). Katie DeRosa, the team's organizer, had convinced Street Soccer Canada executive director Paul Gregory that a Victoria player deserved a spot on Team Canada. The executives had their eye on several Victoria Dreams players but

Richard was selected as the player who would benefit most from the experience. Richard, who has lived on and off the street for 20 years, said he's doing this for his 11-year-old daughter.

"Street Soccer has changed my life in ways like going to Paris and meeting new friends in the community I probably wouldn't have anywhere else," Clemens said. "I will probably be playing in a men's league which I probably wouldn't have if I didn't join street soccer. I am getting in shape and just really enjoying a part of my life that I really missed which is sports and soccer more specifically. All my friends and allies in the street community are very proud of me and happy for me!! I have re-connected with many old friends I hadn't talked to in thirty years including parents who used to watch me as a kid playing baseball and soccer. I am really looking forward to representing everyone in Canada who lives in poverty especially young boys and girls who love playing soccer and am hoping I can help give hope to kids out there that are going through hard times and show them that with hard work and a positive attitude they can overcome anything that comes their way, and that to the old timers out there that is really never too late to be the change you want to see in the world!"

But beyond Richard's trip to Paris, the players who come every week have shown a remarkable passion for driving the team forward. They are eager to play other teams in the community and show off how they've grown as a team.

Now, Victoria Street Soccer is hosting a fundraising tournament to send Richard to Paris. Dreams in Paris; Victoria Street Soccer tournament takes place July 23/24 at Finlayson turf field, donated space by the City of Victoria. Andrew Bissoon from Fat Daddy's, who has been feeding our players since the very beginning, will be staffing the barbecue so that all players in the tournament have sustenance in the form of burgers and hot dogs. The tournament is \$100 minimum donation to enter a team of six to eight players. For information contact victoriastreetssoccer@gmail.com or visit our website at www.victoriastreetssoccer.com

We are still recruiting for the Victoria Dreams! We are at Vic High every Sunday at 3:30 p.m. with a barbecue afterwards. See you there!



Ned moved to Victoria in 2002 to attend UVic, and has stayed in Victoria ever since. A lifelong soccer fan and player, Ned has been involved organizing Victoria Street Soccer since its foundation this spring.

They Too Have Dreams

By Judy Andreas

People regard them as eyesores. The homeless litter your landscape. They seek refuge in doorways and on park benches. You turn away from them in disgust. You step over them with thoughts of condemnation. You see them as less than human. You see them as a visual nuisance. "They created their situations," you tell yourself.

How easily you rationalize your inhumanity.

No, my friends, they are people. They are flesh and blood, just like you. They have hearts and souls and, perhaps, at one time, they too had dreams. What happened to those dreams?

Why are these human beings on the street? Why are they destitute? Why are they cold and hungry? Perhaps it's not for you to know and certainly not for you to judge. But don't turn away. It's a very short distance from your warm living room to the street.

When my children were small, I would spend one Saturday a month volunteering at a soup kitchen in New York City. Sometimes I would bring my children with me.

The first time I worked at Saint Ignatius Church, I had no idea what to expect. I, and the other volunteers, scurried around preparing a meal that consisted of hot soup, a sandwich, a hard boiled egg, coffee and dessert. Since the winter had not yet settled over New York, we set up tables outside. And then the people arrived. It was a line that never ended. It was a line of ragged clothing and hungry mouths.

"The line never stops," I said to a co-worker. She nodded. I wondered if I could ever become desensitized to the specter before me. No, never.

Many of the homeless I've met have been physically and mentally ill. Some of them have drowned their despair in liquor or drugs. Some of them have shared their dreams. Some of them do not speak.

Judge not lest ye be judged.

There are limited services for the homeless. In the eyes of the populace, they are merely "useless feeders." They have been cast out on the street by a cold and indifferent society. They have been cast out on the street by people who rail against humanity. They have been cast aside by people who are quick to point a finger halfway around the world; people who write screaming screeds, while in their street humanity bleeds.

And now, my youngest son is 23 and he has a female friend who volunteers at a Homeless Shelter. Last week, Jesse accompanied Heather on her mission of mercy. They cooked dinner for the group and slept at the shelter. In the morning they cooked breakfast. After breakfast, the people are tossed back out on the street.

"Homeless people are just like us," he told me. But that wasn't all he had to say. He had a tragic story to tell.

Jesse told me about the man with the colostomy. A policeman had approached the man assuming that the bulge under his clothes was a bottle of liquor. He demanded that the man hand it over. The man was confused and stood immobilized. The policeman grew angry at what he interpreted to be lack of compliance. He repeated his order. The man looked at him with childlike innocence. The policeman could no longer contain his rage. He punched the man in what he assumed was the contraband. The man died. There were no charges brought against the policeman.

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?

*And what'll you do now, my darling young one?
I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin',*

*I'll walk to the depths of the deepest dark forest,
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty,*

*Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters,
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison,*

*The executioner's face is always well hidden
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten,*

*Where black is the color and none is the number,
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it,*

*Reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it,
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin',*

*But I'll know my song well before I start singin',
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,*

It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Bob Dylan

*Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.*
Cloths of Heaven - W.B.Yeats

Judy is an Internet columnist. Using her years as a Caseworker in Social Services, she casts her humane perspective on the political and social scene. Judy lives in Suffern, NY



My Street Family

by Rose Henry

Making room for social change with someone like Reverend Al in our corner gives all of us hope. But Al is retiring.

Al retiring? Never! He is just changing gears and gearing up for a bigger movement, the movement that will shine the light of hope on a bigger, brighter future, lighting the ray of hope for the homeless and people like me who are living in poverty.

I first met Reverend Al when he started work at the Open Door and I was volunteering at The Victoria Street Community Association. Al would literally come running in for a last minute meeting with the advocates from our family while grabbing a cup of coffee and passing it on to another one of the family who was usually hanging around outside or grabbing a coffee for himself. This was usually after Al had already been out on the streets for several hours handing out coffee, cigarettes and whatever the family needed, whether it was socks, blankets, a coat, or a little TLC and a lift up three flights of stairs. Rev Al would carry anyone who need a lift up those stairs at the the old Open door at the corner of Johnson and Quadra.

After doing his walkabout Al was always there for the family even if it meant putting his arms in elbow deep peanut butter buckets or running around looking for enough bread to feed everyone. He always did this alongside all the family, empowering the family to do the best for themselves. With these same arms he embraced each and every new person with hope and encouragement. He also held dying family members, letting them know that they are not alone and yes, JC is waiting to take them home.

While I saw Al wearing his Don Cherry tie at his farewell dinner at the Union Club, I also remember a time when we were celebrating one of his birthdays on Pembroke street. I noticed a cop looking for Reverend Al Tysick. I looked around and quickly saw Rev about a half a block away wearing a big bright clown suit. I politely pointed him out to the cop who said no way that can't be the Reverend. I reassured him and introduced him to Rev Al who was also wearing a big red clown nose to match his outfit. It took the cop several minutes to get over this strange looking long haired clown called Reverend Al.

I also remember all the funerals we have attended, some with families who have lost their loved ones, some who have known the family of the streets as their only family. Sassie's aka Pop, Dad, was a memorable one. I remember Al talking about the last laughter he shared with Sassie. He said Sassie was laughing his way into the spirit world. This kinda made the passing of a true legendary warrior a happy journey. Then there was Kelsey's service where over 800 people attended. We held it in the music conservatory. One of the saddest times that I remember with Rev Al was John William's service. It took a while for everyone to get over this one.

Reverend Al meant so much to the First Nation community that I began to think that he was the one who was running the real Friendship Centre. I remember there was time when the Victoria Native Friendship Centre was in real trouble and had called upon Rev Al to referee a meeting between the community and the members of the VNFC. That

meeting went for over fifteen hours straight without a break and with not one person backing down from the other.

On a more personal note Reverend Al was the only one who heard my tears as me and my partner were struggling with our relationship. Rev Al responded immediately with an offer to pay for a hotel room in Qualicum just to give us a break from the city and a chance to save our relationship. But what he didn't realize was that we didn't have a way to get there. I think that was one of those times that he realized just how bad the poverty was for the working poor. We never did take the trip. But it was nice to know that someone heard our distress.

There was a very special moment that I remember sharing with Al. Both of us were busy doing what people do who suffer from ADHD. We were taking a few minutes break from the rest of the world and heading into Mocombo coffee shop. In all the years we had known each other this was the first time it was just the two of us ... not a soul in sight to ask us for bus tickets, cigs, when and where the next meeting is ... this was ten years ago and we have never had the opportunity do this since. Who knows maybe now we just might slow down long enough to do this again, before another ten years passes.

Congratulations Rev Al on surviving over twenty years of working with the family and pushing for the rights of all of us to be heard and treated with dignity and respect. I am delighted to know that you have chosen to return back to the streets and continue to advocate for the family from their homes.

I would also like to thank Mary and your children for sharing you with us. I have learned from my family that behind every great person is a greater support team called our children, our lovers and our peers.

Big hugs go out to Reverend Al ... see you soon ... out on the streets!

I also want to thank everyone who has made my trip to Glasgow Scotland possible. I really wish that I could remember all your names and thank you personally for your support. It means so much to me that you have heard me and read some of my writing and support me in so many ways.

I still pray each day that we will be able to restore unity back into community and eradicate poverty and homelessness. I know that in reality this will not really happen on its own but we one and one and one can get it under control, by supporting the alternative media such as *Victoria Street Newz*, *Media Net*, *Homeless Nation.org* and the many other agencies that have continued to support people like me.

Now I wonder how can I help make change for a better community for everyone and how can I promote Victoria and the *Street Newz* in the best way possible. I really want people to know the truth about what it is like to live in such a beautiful city and yet still struggle on a daily basis, not



really living but just existing. This is what a small part of my article was about, the one that was submitted and nominated in the vendor writing category for 2010.

What I would like to do is to be the voice and ears for the *Victoria Street Newz* at workshops, thinking about how to improve the quality and quantity of street newspapers and promoting our core values, being friendly and economical, reporting on the social issues of our community as well as providing some financial income for our family.

I wish to learn from other papers and communities who trying to deal with the same issues as we are. I want to share with the conference how I got to Scotland with the support of my family, friends and community (as if they were different. In my opinion all of Victoria is my family).

I would also like to give special acknowledgement to people like Janine Bandcroft for editing my story on Economic Violence and encouraging me to submit it to other media outlets, Janet Rogers who was the first to offer her time and support to do a fundraiser for me, Nancy Dawson who donated her awesome art work, three silver bracelets. These are worn by hundreds of people throughout the world. Don Sebastian donated a print called "Family," and Robert Bateman indirectly donated one of his thousands of prints called "Island Living." Stephanie Lovett came in from Calgary with soothing Irish songs, The RabbleBerries and Slim Sandy sang awesome music, and of course thanks to all the old and new friends who bought tickets and made donations directly to *Victoria Street Newz*. Without all of you I would have never dreamt about submitting my story or considered travelling to Glasgow and definitely never been able to afford a trip. That is what I believe in - "Family."

One of my biggest wishes is that everyone continues to purchase the *Street Newz* and support the local economy, vendors, and story writers because you never know where the next great Sherman Alexie or Swil kanim will come from.

Hyka Se am
(not sure of spelling, it means
"thank you from my heart")

Rose



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I Haven't Used Money for Seven Years

I probably have written an article on this day every year since that fateful afternoon. June 27th, 2003. Maybe they've said, already, mostly what I'm about to say.

In the last seven years the entire world has gone through a total mindf**k of delusion where most of the people are starting to see it for what it is, and many, as well, becoming exponentially adamant about justifying psychotic behaviour to survive in what could be called 'God's Great Test.' The knowledge of the universal parameter that evolves people into their superheroness being carefully tucked away on the other side of the fear of death. How exciting!

7 years of not using money. I am well loved. Surprisingly sane-ish if you ask anyone, sans concern of my 'preacher of fate' character and my messiah complex. Generally, I imagine I'm more sane than most people would expect someone to be under these conditions. In truth, I have had this whole 'legislated freedom' thing and all of the brilliant intrigue it has brought to help pass the time, so maybe my circumstance is rare and complex to define. I've enjoyed most significant karma... people make friends easier when they know you'll never jack them of their dough... which is also funny because my actions have directly cost people a lot of money.

It feels like an important day for me. A symbol of the day I was given the 'how.' Most of the time I don't think much about it... not using money has never really been an issue beyond being happy to be an example of that basic fact.

The anniversary of my enlightenment is June 28th, 1997. When I saw truth for what it was... it is also my birthday... it is also the Governor General's birthday, who, I was happy to hear, is also named David Johnston (did you know that one of his titles is 'Commander-in-Chief of Canada'?).

The two best words for any true philosopher are fate and patience. In them is enough to save the world and your sanity. Patience be with you.

in loving the whole, whole loving, and hugging the whole universe with your invisible angel wings,

me

David Arthur Johnston

Next Month in *Street Newz*

Since 2008 the September edition of our little paper has been, more than ever, focussed on the immensely diverse topic of anarchy.



This year Victoria's annual Anarchist Bookfair, winners of *Monday Magazine's* 'M Award' for best local literary event in 2009, takes place on September 10th and 11th, at the Fernwood NRG Community Hall on Coast Salish lands.

From their website, victoriananarchistbookfair.ca:

"The Bookfair always includes workshops on a wide range of topics. We seek to introduce anarchism to the public, foster dialogue between various political traditions, and create radical, inclusive, anti-oppressive spaces. Participants with different visions, practices, and traditions are welcome. Events include book and information tables, workshops, readings, films, presentations, and much more! We're especially keen on workshops that address, challenge, and connect gender, sexuality, 'race', colonialism, ability, capitalism, environmental destruction, and other issues affecting our communities."

If you are thinking about writing for the September *Street Newz*, please keep the vast theme of anarchy in mind.

Have You Ever?

Have you ever walked the road in a world of your own
By yourself without hindrance of talk or even cellular telephone?
And in all honesty you don't know where you're going
All you know is the trees and rabbits seem to be growing
And it's hopefully sunny not raining nor is it heavily snowing

Now if a cop came up to you and said suddenly: What are you doing?
Half the time it would be a smart remark like: "I'm just cadoodling
I'm turning round notions square into tomfoolery and noodling
mixing/mind/matter-times with compass/monster mass
and cotton gin.

But most of the time it is a thin reply
You might not see them the sun is in your eye
And all times what you say is always a lie
You want to tell them something 'bout a pig sty.

And you hide in a hedge behind tall grass with four beer
You're playing guitar/sleeping listening to a radio
But they will still find you here
And for a very short time you couldn't have felt freer.

© Paul Burnside

Joe Blue

Joe Blue was a suede shoe
With a tattoo
He lived at a second hand store
And sat on a shelf
All by himself
Far away from the shoes on the floor
He once had a partner and they used to travel
But that was long years before
Now he remained untied and unclaimed
Unwanted and needed no more
He sat off to the side
Remembering the pride he had
When he was in style
When he was young and alive
And the music was jive
With The Five Toes
He loved when they'd drive for awhile
The floorlights were purple and up on the dash
The radio played rock 'n' roll
And many's the time back in his prime
He took some high heels for a stroll
And Joe was no stranger to bright lights
But the bright lights had faded from view
He'd slid across stages but time turned the pages
And now he was just an 'old' shoe

Well there's things that go unnoticed
And things that go bump in the night
Things that lay hidden for centuries
And never come into the light
Such was the case with tatooed Joe Blue
Lost in a shop on a nowhere street
With no more friendly feet to greet
But sometimes he laughs 'bout that ink autograph
Half faded but still there inside
Written long ago on the night of a show
~ E. Presley June '55 -

Stanley



The Street Newz Vendor Team

Want to earn some \$\$\$ and promote independent media?



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Vendors pay 50 cents
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Whatever you give
them is theirs to keep.

May
money
from
the sale
of this
newspaper
be used
for peace,
and pass
through
healing
hands.

Thanks to you for the first time since *Street Newz* was born in 2004, we're attending the International Street Newspaper Conference! Rose Henry will be representing us in Glasgow.

Thanks to Gordon Pollard, Jim & Alison Prentice, Phil Lyons, Doran Doyle, Marya & Phil Nijland, INSP, Lor Newstead, Betsy Nuse, Bill & Gudrun Doherty, Debra Simms, Mehdi Najari, Jim Erkiletian, Alison Acker, Victoria Raging Grannies, Ron MacIsaac, Greater Victoria Seniors, Laura Floyd, Dale Perkins, Bill Carroll, Volker Rademacher, the bidders who left their returnables for Rose, and all the other individuals who supported our fundraising efforts.

	May	June	June
Street Newz Revenue			
Paper Sales (from previous mth)	370.50	461.00	564.50
Donations	10.00	310.00	775.00
Gifts (incl in-kind)	40.00	200.00	40.00
Co-ordinator's Contribution	13.39	-92.39	-188.90
Subscriptions	300.00	35.00	35.00
Direct Donations to Coordinator	50.00	50.00	50.00
Bread & Roses Donation to SNZ	800.00	800.00	800.00
Total Street Newz Revenue	1583.89	1763.61	2075.60
Street Newz Expenses			
Salaries	800.00	800.00	800.00
Paper & Printing Costs	358.40	358.40	374.08
Office expenses/website	18.00	0.00	0.00
Postage	57.49	60.21	51.52
Ttl Street Newz Expenses	1233.89	1218.61	1225.60
Street Newz	350.00	545.00	850.00
Bread & Roses Revenue			
Grants (ViPirg \$650)	0.00	0.00	650.00
Total Bread & Roses Revenue	0.00	0.00	0.00
Bread & Roses Expenses			
Street Newz Donation	800.00	800.00	800.00
Ttl Bread & Roses Expenses	800.00	800.00	800.00
Bread & Roses	-800.00	-800.00	-150.00
Consolidated Ttl (SNZ + B&R)	-450.00	-255.00	700.00
<i>Intl' Conference July 2011</i>	<i>1000.00</i>	<i>1261.00</i>	<i>2131.00</i>
<i>Bread & Roses Bank Balance</i>	<i>3118.55</i>	<i>2287.55</i>	<i>2510.46</i>

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